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per cent. annual profit in Shanghai, and by that door Western industrialism is entering more rapidly every year into the lives of the women of China. As yet there are no laws, either against the foreigner, who is mainly responsible for these things, or for the Chinese, who are so far merely their minor competitors. There are no laws, no statistics, and hardly any general knowledge or consideration.

NOW in this stratum of the national life, now in that, the pervasive hand of evolution ceaselessly continues its enduring work of alteration in the status of women. This revolution has been no mere ephemeral effervescence of the coast cities; it has penetrated to the ultimate hearthstone of the people on whom all Chinese civilization rests,—the countless millions of the peasantry. It has reached them because it possesses the only quality in the world that could reach them: it is above all a moral revolution. Consider the three great reforms in Chinese home life that have accompanied it,—the crusades against the opium traffic, against foot binding, and against child slavery; one charter of freedom each for the man, the woman, and the child, but all three supremely the concern of women as keepers and conservers of the home. How

terribly far from completion all these reforms are only those know who have seen the degradation and compelling poverty at first hand of the life of the mass of the Chinese people. But this much is certain: that the spirit of these reforms has got home to the common people in a way, be it ever so little, that will inevitably tend steadily to raise the lot of women in years to come. They have created something more nearly like a national renaissance in the moral fiber of the people than any other period of social reform recorded about China.

Like the woman movement all over the world, the emergence of women in China is above everything a spirit of humanism, a regeneration of enduring instincts for good in both sexes, and a widening of that area of contact and understanding between men and women which inexorably grows with civilization. In their capacity for progress there are, I believe, no women in Asia like the women of China. Beside Japan, China is counted as one of the world's weak nations. But in the moral regeneration that is bringing about the emergence into modern life of her women she is fulfilling a deeper and more authentic test of civilization than has been met by Japan in all her fifty headlong years of material progress.

The last chapter in The Career of Mattie Vandam

Continued from page 8

"has promised Mattie that she will get her invitations in some way for that ball. Mattie is evidently sure of this now, as she told me that the only thing necessary was to be known to Mrs. Delamer, and she has given a hurried order at her dressmaker's for a new gown. Now I do not want Mattie to be identified in any way with the Delamer set; at least this year. If she is, goodbye to our work for the revival of the Knickerbocker régime, and, what is much more serious, goodbye also to St. Mary."

There was an Ethiopian in the woodpile, and out came his head.

"It is vitally important just now, for business reasons," continued Vandam, "that our names should not appear on Mrs. Delamer's list. I will tell you the reason later. Now help me. You must find Miss McMasters and stop it. I leave the preliminaries to your judgment."

IN the whirl of the season I did not find it easy to get hold of Flora; but I finally located her at an afternoon affair at the Plaza, where I joined her. We had tea and a heart-to-heart talk. So far Flora had been square; at least no damage had been done. Mattie had forced the meeting with Susan Delamer. The latter had nodded over to Miss McMasters at the close of the charity performance. This was an S. O. S. signal, and it was to consult her about some detail of the ball.

"Mattie just stuck to me, came over with me, and stood there, planted firmly in front of Susan, and I could do nothing else," Flora explained. "It was a case of ships passing in the night. Susan did not even catch the name."

So far, all right. I then came down to business. After much verbal sparring I found that Flora had promised Mattie to use her influence to secure the coveted invitations. And her previous explanation in this light was fishy. I knew that she sometimes supervised these lists, helping Mrs. Delamer's secretary, and she could easily slip in the Vandams' names. But she made out the service as a difficult adventure and a great favor, and Mattie had swallowed it all, even to the introduction to the great lady herself.

It was a hard diplomatic nut to crack. I repeated to Flora part of the conversation that I had just had with Vandam. She must write Mattie a letter that very day, in which she would tell her that Susan Delamer regretted it deeply, but she could not at this late hour send out

any more invitations; that she had already asked more people than the house could hold, etc. I made it plain to her that Mattie was a weak reed. It was much more to her interest to place Vandam in her debt, than to incur his ill will by a doubtful favor to his wife.

I felt sure that Flora saw the point. I did not stop to dot my I's or to cross my T's. And I left her with her two bundles of hay.

IT was the evening before the ball. Mattie had sent me word to join them at supper at their house after the opera. She was eager to tell me of her triumph. I went, as it served me as an interlude to a dance, at which I did not care to make an early appearance.

I found my friends waiting for me in the large entrance hall at the Metropolitan. Mattie was talking excitedly to several of her friends, who were subscribers, like the Vandams, to orchestra stalls. I knew she was telling them about the Delamer invitation. I glanced at Charlton, and received a wireless no. The cards had not arrived.

Just then there was a great commotion. Mrs. Delamer appeared, walking through the *salle* toward the outer door. Her motor had been called. She was attended by several of her courtiers, male and female. Something had happened to vex her, and she looked neither to right nor to left. There was a set frown on her august countenance. At these moments New York Society, in the know, always ran to shelter.

But Mattie was still outside the gates, and before I could stop her she had intercepted the progress of uncrowned royalty, and, beaming, saluted with a cheery "How are you, Mrs. Delamer?"

We must respect the moods of these original and clever personages. My poor little friend had been guilty of a New York lese majesty.

Mrs. Delamer pinioned her with one Parthian glance, and turning to her first lady in waiting, she exclaimed, "Who is that woman? Was she addressing me?"

Mattie, confused, perplexed, crushed for a moment, became indignant, angry. From red she turned to purple. The snub had not escaped a single person, not even the newspaper reporters taking surreptitious notes of gowns. Vandam was playing in luck. However, it was only an accident; for there was not a kinder-hearted woman in Society than Susan Delamer.